THE NEWS.

PARIS, : : KENTUCKY

THE QUARREL OF THE WHEELS.

I sat within my wagon on a heated summer day,
And watched my horse's flinging feet devour the dusty way;
When suddenly a voice below shrieked out, it seemed to me—
"You're bigger, but you cannot go one-half so fast as we!"

I looked around, but no one there my straining vision caught;
We were alone upon the road; I must have dreamed, I thought;
Then almost at my feet I heard, distinct, a voice's sound:
"You'll never overtake us, though you twice go o'er the ground!"

It puzzled me at first, but soon the fact upon me broke;
The fore-wheels of the wagon had thus to the hind-wheels spoke.
I listened for the answer, and it came in accents low:
"You're no further now before us than you were an hour ago!"

I waited the rejoinder, but no further answer came:
The fore-wheels were too busy and the hind-wheels were the same;
And, though I strained my hearing much, depressing well my head,
By fore-wheels or by hind-wheels not another word was said.

The matter set me thinking how in life one often knows
Of bitter controversies with the words absurd as those;
How many claim as merit what is after all but fate,
With success that others make for them exultingly elate.

Your wise and mighty statesman, just before his fellow set,
Strives, as fore-wheel in the wagon, further from the hind to get;
Rolls along in his complacence, as he thinks, to name and fame,
To find, the journey ended, his position just the same.

The patient toiler struggles, but no inch beyond is gained;
And he grumbles that, despite him, one position is maintained,
Not reflecting that the Owner, who can everything control,
Bade him ever as the hindmost for a fitting purpose roll.

Still speeds along the wagon o'er the steady roadway drawn,
Till ends the weary journey, and the light of day has gone;
And all the rivalries of men, the quiet thinker feels,
Are idle as the quarrels of the fore and hinder wheels.

—*N. Y. Ledger.*

DOT'S "FAREWELL."

The Fossbrookes had one of the loveliest country houses within fifty miles of New York. It was a long, low, rambling affair, indeed; most of it only one story high; but it was picturesque as well as comfortable; and it was especially dear to Mr. Fossbrooke, for it had belonged to the family for several generations, and was full, therefore, of associations. Mr. Fossbrooke was a merchant of New York; but as his country home was close to a railroad, he was in the habit of going to the city every morning and returning every evening; and this even in winter.

One morning, Mr. Fossbrooke was astonished to hear his wife declare that she must go to Saratoga that summer. Heretofore the family had remained at home all the year, and had entertained no ambition beyond it. In fact, nothing could induce Mr. Fossbrooke himself to leave the dear old place. He ventured, therefore, to express his surprise.

"Surprised, you say?" retorted Mrs. Fossbrooke, throwing back the lace lappets of her breakfast-cap. "I can't see why. Men far poorer send their wives and daughters to Saratoga. The truth is, you are too mean."

"Oh, mamma, mamma, how can you say so?" cried Dot, the youngest of three daughters.

"I was addressing your father, not you," replied the mother, severely. "I repeat, Mr. Fossbrooke, there is no possible excuse for refusing to let us go to Saratoga, save your unwillingness to see your money spent."

"I think it is spent fast enough, my dear," replied the merchant, pushing back his plate. "At any rate, our expenses threaten to exceed our income, at present. I have always done the best I could for my family, and am willing to do so still; but—"

"Don't expect us to mope to death in this stupid country place from one year's end to another," interrupted Mrs. Fossbrooke. "We want some recreation, as well as other people."

"To be sure you do, and I am willing you should have it, to the utmost limit of my means——"

"To be frank," answered Mrs. Fossbrooke, interrupting, "I've a special object in view—a special reason for wishing to go to Saratoga this season; something over and above my own personal enjoyment." And as her husband lit a cigar, and prepared to leave for the train, she followed him, adding, when they were alone: "I am thinking of your daughters. Wouldn't you like to see them well married before you die?"

"Oh, yes; but at the same time, I don't believe in husband-hunting."

"I do, then, if you choose to put it in that coarse and vulgar way, my dear. I desire to see my girls well married, and I intend to make any and every sacrifice in order to give them good opportunities. I had a letter from my sister, last week, and she tells me that Saratoga has unusual attractions, this season. Young Dukehart and Harry Mordaunt are both to be there—millionaires, as you know, my dear; and," she added, significantly, "Belle and Julie are such pretty, attractive girls."

"And how about Dot?" laughed Mr. Fossbrooke.

His wife shrugged her graceful shoulders, as she replied:

"Dot's too young, my dear; she must not be pushed forward until her sisters are provided for. We must prevail upon her to remain at home."

"That's as she says, my dear," said the merchant, dryly. "She shan't be put off and kept back any longer. Dot's the jewel of the family."

Some days later, Mr. Fossbrooke put a roll of bills in his wife's hand.

"This is all I can do, Clara," he said. "You'll have to divide it up, and make it go as far as you can."

Mrs. Fossbrooke looked gravely dubious, as she counted over the notes; but finally decided, to use her own expression, that "half a loaf was better than no bread at all."

When Mr. Fossbrooke reached the lawn, next morning on his way to the station, Dot followed him.

"I've something to say to you, please, papa," she said. "I don't want to go to Saratoga."

"Why, Dot, what's the matter?" he cried, turning to face her. "Has your mother—"

"No, no, papa," she interrupted eagerly. "Mamma hasn't said a word; but I can't go and leave you here all alone. I shall stay at home and be your housekeeper." And despite her father's remonstrances, Dot kept her word.

Mrs. Fossbrooke and her two daughters had been at Saratoga about a fortnight, when, on a certain bright afternoon, Dot went out to meet her father at the depot. She walked briskly down the green lane, the blue ribbons of her broad hat fluttering in the breeze, until she reached the edge of the wood, near the station. Here she sat down in the shade, to wait. Suddenly, at her side, she saw a hideous serpent, its tawny head erect, its eyes glowing like jewels, its forked tongue protruding, just ready to strike.

One shrill cry of mortal terror broke from her whitening lips, and then she fell forward like one dead; while the serpent, with a hiss, slid nearer. Fortunately, a young gentleman, fishing in the stream above the ridge, heard the cry; and in another breath he was crashing downward through the underbrush.

He took in the situation at a glance. It was the work of a moment to seize the reptile by the throat, and hurl it far down into the ravine below; of another, to catch up the lovely, and unconscious girl in his strong arms.

Just then, the train came thundering up, slackened speed, and Mr. Fosbrooke jumped off.

"Why, Dukehart!" he cried. Then, suddenly, and in a voice of horror: "Great heavens! What has happened to my child?"

The young man explained, in a few words; and then resigning Dot to her father, hurried back to the stream to fill his hat with water. He was leaning over her, while her father bathed her face, when she recovered from her swoon. She blushed rosy-red, and grew still more embarrassed when she understood all that had happened.

"I am sorry to have caused so much trouble," she said, still trembling, and clinging to her father; "but oh, papa, it was so dreadful. I—I—can't—please, papa, you must thank the gentleman for me."

"Dukehart, you'll take the thanks for granted, and come home with us to dinner," said Mr. Fossbrooke; and the young gentleman seemed well satisfied with the arrangement."

"I thought you were spending the summer at Saratoga, Mr. Dukehart," remarked the merchant, sitting with his guest on the portico, while Dot changed her walking costume for a dinner dresss with a train; for the Fossbrookes always dined late, after Mr. Fossbrooke had returned from town.

"That was my intention," responded the other, "but I found a second season there almost too much of a good thing; and so I took Frenchman's leave, last week."

"My wife and daughters are at Saratoga," said Mr. Fossbrooke, dryly.

"Oh, ten thousand pardons. I really had no idea. I remember the name now—"

"No matter," interrupted the merchant, rising. "There goes the dinner-bell, and we mustn't keep Dot waiting."

"Didn't I understand you to say that your daughters were at Saratoga, Mr. Fossbrook?" inquired Mr. Dukehart, when the two were seated at the dinner-table.

"Yes, my two elder girls, said the merchant. "Dot, there," glancing fondly toward the foot of the table, "preferred to stay at home, and keep house for her old father."

The guest was silent. The experience was a novel one. He had seen much of the world and a good deal of our sex; but he had never before seen a young lady who preferred housekeeping to Saratoga. He had been struck with Dot's beauty in the woods; but now, in her dinner-dress, she looked lovelier than ever.

From that evening began the dream of Dot's life. Never before had she met any one so handsome, so accomplished, so sympathetic, as Mr. Dukehart. Hardly a day passed but that, on some pretext or other, he contrived to make a call. The morning after the accident, he surprised her in the garden, where she was gathering roses still wet with dew; and the garden, after that, became their favorite resort. Very soon, he seemed to have become a part of Dot's existence; he was her hero, her knight of chivalry. Yet she was not conscious of the meaning of it all, until, one morning, during an early call, he told her that his holiday was up, and that he was going away, perhaps that very evening. The pang which this intelligence gave her was intensified by the thought which flashed on her at once that, if he really wished to stay, he need not go; for she knew he was out of business: "a gentleman of leisure," as her father had said. "No," she gasped, when he had left, now fully awake to the state of her heart, "he has only been amusing himself; he cares nothing for me: oh! what a fool I have been."

She went up to her room, and there fought out her fight. It was a bitter, passionate hour; one of utter, hopeless renunciation. At last, as the afternoon wore on, she rallied, with a brave heart, and dressed for dinner. She gathered up her abundant tresses in a knot at the back of her head, and selected one of her most bewitching costumes; a simple, tight-fitting gown of a dark color, and with a tasteful fischu about her shoulders. "Papa likes to see me prettily dressed," she said, "and he mustn't guess at my sorrow: I will be gayer than ever." As the time for his train had not arrived, however, she went out into the garden, with her sketching materials, to finish a drawing she was making, in chalks, of the lichen-tinted stone wall, said to be half a century old. But she could not bring her attention to it. Her thoughts, in spite of her, would wander. She found herself recalling the pleasant walks she had taken with Mr. Dukehart; the afternoons spent in boating; the evenings over music. She drew a long sigh. "Alas," she said to herself, "they are all gone, forever. Why couldn't he have left me alone? Till he came, I was happy. He will never, never return. That is what he meant. Farewell, farewell, to it all."

She had left her easel, and gone to look at the texture of the stones in the wall, the better to reproduce them in her sketch; and now, unconsciously, she began, with her chalk pencil, to write on the wall the word:

"Farewell, farewell."

Suddenly, a footstep, approaching eagerly, startled her. She looked around. Dukehart himself was before her.

"Farewell, farewell," he said, reading aloud what she had written. His face fell. Then he went on passionately: "Oh, I hope—I hope that is not meant for me," and his voice trembled with anxiety. "I went to town this morning, after I left you, to see your father. If my mission had failed, I could never have returned. But he has brought me back with him. He has given me leave to plead my suit in person."

Dot, by this time, was crimson to her forehead, and was trembling so she could hardly stand. She glanced up shyly at him as he stood before her, with his hat off, and his head bowed deprecatingly. He caught the glance, and read hope in it; and went on, more passionately than ever, as he seized her little fluttering hand: "He has given me leave to ask for this dear little hand. Oh, Dot, don't say no; that would kill me. I have loved you, dear, ever since that day in the woods; only more and more every day. Won't you take pity on me—a little, just a little, Dot?"

That the answer was not unfavorable, we well know; and never was a happier dinner-party than that which followed, half an hour after.

"Well, my dear, I hope you've enjoyed yourself at Saratoga," said Mr. Fossbrooke, a week later, sitting with his wife on the afternoon of her return home.

"Well, no, Alfred," answered the lady with a jaded look, "I can't say that I have. The girls enjoyed it, of course; but we were terribly cramped for means; and after all—well, nothing has come of it. The season has been rather a failure. Harry Mordaunt is engaged to Clara Beckwith; and young Dukehart left almost immediately after our arrival, so that we didn't even make his acquaintance."

"Yes, he's been spending some time in this neighborhood."

"What? Tom Dukehart, the millionaire?"

"The same, my dear. He has been a daily visitor in this house for the last month."

"Alfred! And you didn't let me know! Oh, I've no patience with your stupidity. I could have brought the girls home, at a moment's warning."

"My dear wife, I wouldn't have spoiled your pleasure for the world," answered the merchant, with twinkling eyes. "Besides, there was no necessity whatever. Dot is the very queen of housekeepers. And by the way, my dear, I've a bit of news for you. She's engaged to Dukehart."

"Dot?"

"Yes, my dear, Dot."

"Good heavens! Why, they say he's worth two or three millions, Alfred."

"What of that, my dear? The value of a girl like Dot is far above rubies. And moreover, she's one that, if she didn't love, would never marry a man, even if he had twenty millions."—*Peterson's Magazine.*

Cultivation of Codfish.

The operations of the United States Fish Commission, in the direction of fish hatching and other experiments, are being at present carried on as Wood's Holl, where the work has been done for a couple of years past. Previous to that time, hatching operations were carried on at Gloucester, and millions of young codfish were set free there. Vast numbers have been let loose into the ocean from the hatching rocks at Wood's Holl. Since this work has been done but little, if anything, has been seen of the cod small fry, till now the fishermen report vast multitudes of little codfish, from four to ten inches in length, in the mouth of the Piscataqua River and vicinity, at Portsmouth. Since these little fish are strangers in that vicinity, it is believed by those interested that they are "Prof. Baird's fish," or, in other words, that they are the first visible result of the codfish hatching experiment of the Government, under Prof. Baird's direction. It is believed, and not without good reason, that the little cod off the Portsmouth shore were really hatched in the Government boxes at Gloucester and Wood's Holl, and that they have drifted northward along the shore in their natural emigration toward colder waters. Should such prove to be the true state of the case, it certainly is a most happy result, and may be the first step toward again stocking the waters from Cape Cod to the Bay of Fundy with millions of codfish, as they once were, before the fisherman, in his search after food and profit, had so nearly robbed this part of the Atlantic shore of its rich treasury of food fish. It has been discovered that the supply of codfish near our shore can be kept up by artificial propagation, the importance of what is known as the shore fishery, which has grown in fifty years from a few cargoes in winter to sell frozen to thirty million pounds at this port alone last year, can be doubled again in a few years, the Government has been well paid, and Prof. Baird has done a noble work.—*Boston Herald.*

An Eccentric Judge.

Justice North is becoming noted among English Judges by his peculiar ways of asserting the dignity of the court. He lately astonished a lawyer in the Crown Court at Manchester, who was reading a paper, by saying that he must leave the court if he wished to indulge in the newspaper. The man put away his paper at once. Then the Judge cried out: "Leave the court!" The man departed accordingly. This incident reminds the London journals of the Vice Chancellor's remarkable order to a bald-headed man, whose misfortune interfered with the official's comfort. The sunlight was reflected so vividly from the polished surface of the offender's head that the Vice Chancellor's eyes were afflicted, and the man was forced to retire. Severity with judgment was illustrated in the direction to remove a barking dog from the court-room. The wrong animal was seized by the officer, and the magistrate exclamed: "No, not that dog, I have been watching him all day, and I will say that a better behaved little dog never entered a court of justice."—*London Paper.*

—White camel's hair is much used for five o'clock tea gowns.

The Red Thrush.

Dainty of its situation, choosing its haunts in places seldom frequented by man, but avoiding the deep forest; inhabiting wide, solitary fields, but making their solitude cheerful by its own melodious strains, such is the red thrush, one of the most remarkable songsters of the American continent. Though very generally known, only a few are well acquainted with its song or have observed its ways. Though it frequents open fields, it is shy of observation, and when singing, it stops if any one approaches it.

The rud thrush minds its own business and troubles no other bird; but lives at peace with all creatures save the reptile that brought sin into the world.

The red thrush permits no black snake to come near its premises. One of my earliest recollections of this bird is an encounter between two red thrushes and a black snake. The snake stood very high upon its coil, with its mouth open and tongue protruded, while the two birds were circling round it and frequently dashing at the head of the reptile. I was then a boy, and supposed the snake to be charming the birds. In truth the snake only was in peril, and might have lost its eyes, which were the aim of the thrushes, if I had not interfered. I went, as I supposed, to the rescue of the birds, and killed the snake. The red thrush has a very strong bill, is bold in attacking and intruder on its domicile, and it has been known to destroy the eyes of the black snake.

It is a fact worthy of mention, as one of the many examples of English prejudice against the people of France, that when Virginia was an English colony, the red thrush was named by the inhabitants the French mocking-bird to distinguish it from its celebrated congener. The red thrush was erroneously believed to be a mocker, and it was called French to express its supposed inferiority to the other species. The English are remarkable for this ludicrous propensity to distinguish between two things of unequal merit by calling the inferior one French! They carry this prejudice into their literary criticism to an absurd extreme, as we may particularly notice in the critical works of S. T. Coleridge, who denies in "The Friend" that any such quality as "genius" ever existed in the French mind!

The inferiority of the red thrush to the mocking-bird is not so great as they supposed. Its habits are more solitary, and in the Southern States it is not so generally known. It abides away from the town, while the mocking-bird is as familiar as the robin is around our dwellings; flying from tree to tree, often uttering a few notes like the golden robin, and is almost ceaseless in these repetitions. The red thrush, on the contrary, never sings any snatches of song. He perches on a tree near the sitting place of his mate, and deliberately devotes himself to singing, and is more continuous in his performance than any other bird. One will often sing nearly half an hour without making any long pause.

The nest of the bird is placed either in a low bush or upon the ground in the midst of a clump of bushes or briers. The bird displays no remarkable skill in the construction of its nest, made chiefly of dry grass with a little mud, and lined with hair and other fine materials. Ground builders are seldom ingenious in making their nests, but often display considerable art in providing for their concealment. The eggs of the red thrush are white, thickly covered with brown spots.

Mr. Bartram, writing to Alexander Wilson, mentions a curious instance of the sagacity of the bird, as exemplified in the habits of one which he had reared in a cage. The bird consumed almost all kinds of insects and was particularly fond of wasps. After catching one and beating it to break its wings, the bird would lay it down, look for the sting, and with his bill squeeze out the sting and the poison before he swallowed it. How does the bird learn that the wasp has a sting? And how does he know the method by which it may be extracted? It is evident that in the lower animals the knowledge and experience of their predecessors are transmitted to their offspring. In human beings the powers and propensities only are transmitted. Birds, for example, are perfect representations of their parents, as if they were propagated by scions. They may be said to have the same identity. The instincts of the lower animals are but inherited recollections. This is one of the problems of personal identity which, if carefully studied, would lead us to some very surprising conclusions in regard to our own race; but this is not the place for the discussion of it.

We do not often see more than two red thrushes together. Never at any season do they move in flocks, not even like the robin in straggling parties of seven or eight. Whenever we see two pairs of thrushes in the same field we may be sure there are two nests there; but the two pairs do not hold any communication. The red thrush is exclusively devoted to its own family, having very little intercourse with its neighbors. It is said that these birds continue mated the whole year; hence they usually arrive in pairs soon after May Day.

Wilson greatly admired the notes of the red thrush. They are loud, and may be heard, as he asserts, full half a mile off. He thinks they resemble in some points the notes of the song thrush of Great Britain; but he does not describe their difference. The song of the red thrush is as unique and original as that of the bobolink, and quite as difficult of imitation. It is best represented by words. One peculiar habit of the bird is that of constantly repeating its words, if I may so call them, twice over, and sometimes thrice,, as if he said, "*Look out! look out! wait a minute, wait a minute; watchee, watchee; ditto, ditto, ditto; what do ye know? what do ye know?*" After these repetitions, there follows a continuous warble for a few seconds, when he again repeats his duplicated words.—*Wilson Flagg, in Boston Transscript.*

—Novel French mantles are made of black merveilleux, or canvas grenadine, cut as a rather long shoulder-cape, with a border of chenille fringe glittering with jet, silver, or a mixture of colored beads. The cape forms a V-shaped opening in front, followed by two finely-plaited scarfs of fancy silk starting from the shoulder-gores, and contracting at the waist by a number of close shirrings; thence these scarfs cross and fall over the tapered ends of the cape.

A Good Story, Though not True.

Many have wondered why there has not been any hazing at Harvard for the past three months. In all that time there has not been a case of hazing reported, and some have come to the conclusion that the hazers have met with a change of heart. It is not exactly a change of heart, but a change of clothes that ails them. We are informed that the hazing has been effectually broken up. Just after Sullivan whipped Ryan he was called to Harvard, and a plan of breaking up hazing was unfolded to him by the Faculty, and he fell into it readily. He was to attire himself as a Quaker young man, and apply for admission as a freshman, and let nature take its course. On the first day of April Mr. Sullivan appeared at the college under the name of Abija Watson, and was assigned to a room, and placed on the roll of freshmen. His appearance was commented on, and as he passed through the college grounds with his peculiar garb, young fellows shouted "Shoot the hat, "get on to his nibs," and other collegiate literature. It was all Mr. Sullivan could do to restrain himself from whipping a couple of dozen of the boys then and there, but he decided to wait until the proper time, when he would be able to get enough for a mess. That evening he was approached by a young man who pretended to be his friend, and invited to accompany him to a room where a few boys were going to open a few bottles of wine. Abija said verily he didn't go much on the sinful beverage, but to oblige his friend he went with him to a large room where seventy smart young fellows were congregated, with all of the appliances for hazing. Sullivan says there were seventy, but the Faculty only found sixty-five smart Alecks when the door was opened, but Sullivan thinks a few might have jumped out of the window and took to the woods. It seems that when they got the "Quaker" into the room they locked the door, and the ringleader told the peaceful man to strip off his coat, vest, and shirt. He objected, but finally took them off.

Some of the fellows who have since got out of the hospital say they noticed, when he removed his shirt, that he was put up like a hired man, and they thought it queer that a Quaker should have an arm as big as a canvassed ham. They then told him to "prepare to meet his God," and got out the iron to brand him on the back. He told them that he knew he was in their power, and was willing to submit to anything that was right, but he asked as a favor not to bear on too hard, as he was of a nervous temperament, and might faint. Then they decided not to brand him until later, but would throw him up in a blanket first. So they got the blanket and tipped Sullivan over in it, and about twenty of the smartest hazers took hold of the sides and tossed him up. When he came down he knocked four fellows senseless with his fists, kicked four more across the room, and then got on his feet and began to knock them right and left. He had knocked down about twenty, and had stopped to spit on his hands, when the rest of the hazers huddled in a corner and proposed to put an end to the slaughter. One said: "O good Mr. Quaker, please let us alone. We belong to respectable families, and won't do so any more." Sullivan looked at them, and said: "It is hazing yez want. Well, yez can have plinty;" and he went at them, and in about fifteen minutes he corded up the whole gang, and hazing was broken up in Harvard College. As he threw his coat and shirt across his arm and walked out of the room and met the Faculty in the hall, he said: "Throw water in their faces and they will all regain consciousness in from ten minutes to half an hour;" and he shook hands with the Faculty, received his $500, and left for New York with his trainer, Billy Madden, who was sitting on the fence outside waiting for him.

"Fot kind of a time did yez have wid de b'ys?" asked Mr. Madden, as he helped Mr. Sullivan on with his shirt and changed the Quaker hat for another.

"Verily, friend William," said Quaker Sullivan, as he counted the roll of bills to see that the Faculty had not shoved any counterfeits on him, "it was the evint of the season; it is good exercise." And they started for Cornell University at Ithaca.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

Jurisprudence in Turkey.

The "Mussulman jurists" whom the cable dispatches report to have given a local opinion on the status of Arabi before the law, must not be imagined to be what we call "jurists" in this country. Law in Turkey, especially public law, is not discriminated from religion, and both are ascertained by a construction of the texts of the Koran. Oriental jurists, not being familiar with the principle of *stare decisis*, decide each case as it arises without reference to whether it is in conflict or accordance with previous decisions, and consequently no two decisions are necessarily alike. They have in giving their replies only one fundamental guide, and that is to satisfy the Sultan. Knowing this, the Sultan wisely frames his questions in such a way that the jurists may know what the answer ought to be. In the present case the cable dispatch only gives the answer, but we an give the question. It was as follows: "O, jurists, is Asabi Pasha, in so far as he has disobeyed the Caliph, a rebel, and may he be unceremoniously treated as such; but in so far as he has been a defender of a Mohammedan country against the aggressive designs of Christians, has he merely fulfilled the duties of a good Mussulman? May the Sultan punish Arabi Pasha, if some act of rebellion is proved against him, while disassociating himself from those who wish to crush Arabi Pasha as the defender of Islam? A jurist who could not tell how to answer this would be immediately dismissed from the force.—*The Nation.*

—Browns of every shade, and greens ranging from the "greenery-yallery" of the æsthetic to the darkest and most invisible greens, will undoubtedly be the reigning favorites during the approaching season; and as regards style, the present indications are that but few, if any, dresses will be worn with flat trimmings—the more bouffant the better. Dressmakers, by means of panniers, puffs, full scarf draperies, ruches, and other resources at their command, contrive to make fashionable costumes as intricate and impossible to follow as possible; and the fuller the effect the greater the triumph.

Effects of Fancy Farming.

Many words have been spoken and written in behalf of agriculture. The State has smiled approval upon the husbandman's employment, and a department of the Government has been maintained for the welfare and encouragement of this craft. In politics the claim of the interest of husbandry have been fully recognized. In literature and art, the grace and dignity of country life and of the laborers of the field have received honor and most generous compliment. Painters have sketched rural scenes, and cattle pieces, showing bits of breezy hillside pastures, and the most home aspects of the homesteads by the roadway have been familiar and favorite subjects in studios and galleries of art. Poets have sung the charms of our Arcadian life, and now fashion has sought its retreat for all the summer season of the year. The markets have sustained prices that were burdensome to the consumer, and wealth, that can do just as it pleases, has shown its taste and its sense by entering the field and joining hands with the toil and the skill of honest farm labor.

All this patronage has been well meant, and very much of it has been hopeful. It is, however, possible that fancy farming, carried on by wealthy amateurs of the craft, may work hardships to the very class it is designed to benefit. The advantage of having ample means at his disposal enables the capitalist who manages his farm with an eye by no means single to the profits of the business, but rather as whim or as fancy may lead him, to undertake many experiments upon which the prudent husbandmen would not venture, and to introduce improvements that bring a late return. Doubtless in a general way great benefits have resulted to the farmers of this country from the pains taken by individual wealth and enterprise to improve the breed of our domestic stock. Much pride is shown, and justly, too, in what has been effected. The products of the dairy in particular have gained as much in quality as they have increased in quantity during the last twenty-five years. The prices of these products have advanced in nearly equal ratio, and a stability has been given to these values such as they have never heretofore maintained.

This is almost wholly due to the efforts of amateur farmers. It would seem to be a gratuitous and unmixed good to the producer. No doubt it was so intended, but there is one way in which it operates to work a large class of producers and the general consumer a real and serious hardship. It has so refined upon the quality of butter that what is rated as first-class now is really a fancy article, and and its price is no less a fancy one. There are many private tables and a few public ones in this city which are supplied with butter at prices ranging from one dollar and a quarter to one dollar and a half a pound. The producer asserts that such butter cannot be afforded at any lower rate, and he easily demonstrates the correctness of his statement. In the first place his cows are costly. For not one of them did he pay less than seven hundred dollars; some of them cost as high as twelve hundred dollars each. The feed and the care of these animals will be expensive nearly in proportion to the price. The butter must be furnished to the table without having been salted, so that each person using it may season to his or her own taste. To secure this the butter must be delivered as soon as convenient after it is taken from the churn.

This requires that the cows be kept near the city, where the expenses incident to their keeping will be the heaviest. All the circumstances go to prove that butter cannot be afforded except at prices which place it beyond the reach of any but the rich.

The man who follows farming as his vocation and not from fancy, nor as a speculation, must locate farther from the city, where the value of land will be according to its capacity for production. At such a distance he cannot furnish butter quite fresh and unsalted. The money which would buy one fancy cow will stock his farm with ten or a dozen first-rate cows at from $60 to $75 apiece, any one of which will make as much and as good butter as the imported animal. With careful feeding and skillful management of the dairy, he can produce butter which ought to be classed as of the first quality. In the market such butter as he makes will sell for little more than one-fourth what is paid for the fancy article. The difference between its price and that of the poorest quality will be but a trifle. Indeed, the manufactured oleomargarine holds a place quite respectable alongside the genuine article of good, yes, of excellent quality. Any of our city markets will show this demoralization of taste, if prices are the index of values and of estimation. The result is that the honest farmer gets no credit for any pains he may take to supply a good market worthily; for the best he can do is to produce an article which, judged by its price, is of fourth or fifth rate quality.

His neighbor, who is a notorious sloven, does only a little worse than that. Giving really good butter such bad repute by bringing it into competition with an article that can only be produced by capital and afforded by luxurious wealth, opens the market to a spurious article, and tends to make both producer and dealer indifferent to the wants of customers.

It is in ways like this that fancy farming shows at times effects such as those who engage in it little dream of producing, and which, if seen by them, would be sincerely deplored. Only careful noting of results will enable the amateur to benefit the craft with which he had allied himself.—*Boston Advertiser.*

—Mrs. Johanna Holland did live in Bullion Ravine, Gold Hill, Nev. Her neighbors caused her to be arrested as a common scold, and testified that she had at her command and used without scruple an astonishing vocabulary of unrepeatable words. Some of them thought her crazy, because she seemed much more fluent whenever there was a change of the moon. A magistrate sent her to jail for five months. The Virginia City *Chronicle* thinks that the rest of the Pacific States and the more courageous Eastern ones will rise up with enthusiasm to follow the example of punishing female scolds. Then in the blessed peacefulness and quiet that will reign, men will gather by night and dance in gleeful triumph, holding one another's hands.—*Chicago News.*